

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my vnhouled free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Iannus, I thinke no.

Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Enen on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carraet,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.

Cassio. I do not vnderstand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to — Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.

Othel. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the footie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othel. Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othel. What if do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?

In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be, *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What ho, what ho, what ho.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our felices againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warlike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that last, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottomites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioyned them with an after Fleete.

1. Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayses you to beleaue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulps, and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense),
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othel. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue taue away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending;
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deereft action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Bataile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your grations patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue;
What Drugges, what Charms,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:

Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse Perfection to could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vp on her.

To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othel. Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truly as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present

How